



Stranger Magic by Tif S

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Summary: AU: Jonathan Byers' younger brother is about to start his first year at Hogwarts, and with Voldemort no more, it seems as though the boy's time at Hogwarts will be manageable, but new friends and new enemies abound and when magic is involved there's no telling what will happen. (Stancy, endgame Jancy, Mileven, Lumax, Jopper, Party friendships)

1. Prologue

A/N: Happy Stranger Things Day. Well I did manage to hammer out a beginning to a Harry Potter/ Stranger Things Crossover. A bit about this story, it will follow the timeline of the show, set in 1983, so post Voldemort the first time around. This prologue just sets up the timeline a bit. The party will be introduced in the first official chapter.

Prologue: 1980 (An unlikely trio)

The year is 1983. The place, London.

Just three years prior, 1980, a child was born Harry James Potter, a child that would change the course of wizarding world history. That year, Jonathan Byers, halfblood and Hufflepuff, was entering his second year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry along with his peers, Nancy Wheeler and Steve Harrington. Were the three friends? Nowhere near. Not only did their houses differ quite significantly, but their ideals as well. The Harringtons were a pureblood family, not quite hinging on the extremism held by their fellows and the zealot Lord Voldemort, but not quite certain of which rulebook to follow. Steve, an ambitious young man by nature, and quite apt in knowing what would offer success, an asset to Slytherin House, did not associate with the Byers fellow whose fascination with muggle artifacts surely meant talk would spread. However, he did find himself falling hard for the sharp witted Nancy Wheeler.

Nancy Wheeler, a bright and industrious young lady, was easily determined to be Ravenclaw. Rising through the ranks, she excelled in her studies, and socially as well.

Meanwhile, Jonathan Byers remained content finding a niche in schooltime, a niche that was unsurprising to those who took the time to get to know him. He spent his time taking the muggle photographs that he captured in the Summer and made them come alive in more ways than one, but what he saw in one of those photographs in the Summer before his fifth year would set him on a new course, one that created a collision course in the direction of Steve Harrington and

Nancy Wheeler as his younger brother came to begin his own schooling.

A/N: I'd love to know your thoughts on sorting for the Party. I already sort of have an idea for a few of the party members but I'm open to suggestions.

2. Chapter 1: Fitting New Friends

A/N: Well, first official chapter ready friends. As usual I do not own Stranger Things or Harry Potter. Stranger Things belongs to the Duffer Brothers and Netflix, and Harry Potter belongs to the wonderful JK Rowling. I'm just playing in the sandbox. I'll put everything back. Now then, answer to a few questions: Yes the entire party will be appearing in this story. And no I have not started the new season yet. I hope to remedy that soon though. :) Anyway on with the story.

Chapter One: Fitting New Friends

Will walked with his older brother, his gaze roving as they passed the shop windows. He had been when they were shopping for Jonathan's supplies, but there was something different about this go round.

"Alright, so our next stop is Madam Malkin's to get these hemmed up." Will turned to his mum nodding as she spoke. He wasn't getting his own robes, but using Jonathan's spare ones from when he was a first year. His father had abruptly left his mother once Will had received his letter, so it wasn't as easy to scrape together the money needed to get all new supplies. It was decided that Will's cauldrons, scales, pet and wand would be new, and books and robes would be secondhand. Will didn't mind. He enjoyed seeing the differences in old books, and these were still magic books. He was used to older muggle books as his muggle primary school had a selection of texts they would loan out to be returned at the end of term.

He followed his mum and Jonathan into Madam Malkin's.

"Hello Dears, I'll only be a moment, just get up top there," The woman looked over as the bell above the door dinged. "Stop fidgeting, Merlin's beard Mr. Sinclair!"

Will noticed a dark skinned boy stood atop one of the platforms staring wide eyed as the measuring tape, needles and pins moved about of their own accord. "That was cool for the first five minutes, now it's just damn annoying, can you get them to stop poking?"

Will snickered lightly as he got up onto the empty platform next to the boy and his Mum helped him put the robes over his street clothes. As expected, they were much too long, the arms hung well over his hands and he had to hike the bottom in order to stand straight. He turned to the boy. "If you think this is awful, you should see Mum's needles when I ripped my sweater."

"They move with some kinda ghost hand too?" The boy questioned.

"Ghost hand?" Will shook his head. "It's magic."

"Yeah, this is kinda new to me." The boy replied. "Magic and all."

"You'll get used to it." Will said. "I'm Will by the way."

"Lucas," The boy introduced.

"You're starting Hogwarts this year too?" Will inquired.

Lucas nodded as Madam Malkin waved her wand and a second measuring tape and sewing kit began Will's measurements. "Got a letter by owl. Gave Mum a scare. I didn't know owls delivered post."

"Oh yeah, all the time." Will said. "Took Dad a long time to adjust..." He grew quiet. "I don't think he ever did." Will shook off the thoughts as he tried to think of what else he could explain to Lucas. "Do you know about the houses?"

Lucas shook his head.

Will then began to explain about the houses growing more animated as he discussed what he knew of his brother's house affiliation and the huge news they had received with their letters. "Jonathan's a prefect this year."

Joyce felt a faint smile cross her face as she watched the boys interact. She was pleased at how Will was handling himself at the news of the boy being muggle born. She had been born into a pure blood family Go far back enough and the prejudice ran deep. She had witnessed firsthand the changing attitudes, and she had done everything that she could to teach her boys respect. With a muggle father, they weren't nearly as ignorant of the muggle ways as some.

Even with Lonnie's reaction and their troubled marriage, she wanted her boys to be proud of both sides of their heritage. She only hoped that once Will was exposed to the reality of the different attitudes, it wouldn't put him in harm's way.

The boys' alterations were finished some time later. Jonathan was surprised to see a slight man talking to a woman who appeared to be the other boy's mother as his own mother went to the counter to pay for the work.

"Here you are Madam Malkin, thanks very much." Joyce said handing her the payment.

"Oh drat," The woman behind them exclaimed as a handful of coins dropped to the floor. "I've got no head for such things, potions and wands and all such. I'd thought they were fairy stories."

The two younger boys heard the commotion and came over. Will ducked quietly around to end up beside his brother.

"You'll pick it all up soon enough Mrs. Sinclair. Don't fret." The man replied bending down to help in picking up the scattered coins.

Will bent down as well quickly locating and gathering the small objects sorting sickles and galleons and knuts. The other boy got down as well copying his actions as Will explained the coins to his new friend.

"Why, you're quite quick about this aren't you?" The man noticed Will and gave a polite grin. "Thank you for your help young man."

"No trouble Sir, Ma'am." Will replied.

"You wouldn't happen to be starting Hogwarts this year?" The man asked.

"Yes Sir," Will replied. "It's my first year." Will looked over to Jonathan. "My brother's a fifth year. And a prefect."

"Is that so?" The man replied looking between the two. "Well we're quite lucky then, having a veteran to things here with us."

"Us?" Lucas spoke up before he'd realized he was interfering in the conversation. He'd thought that Mr. Clarke knew about the school. Why else would the school have sent him after the letter came?

Jonathan blinked confused. As he looked at his brother and the other boy, Lucas, he could see the same look cross their faces.

"It's my first year as well." The man continued. "I'm Professor Clarke. I'm teaching Defense Against the Dark Arts this term."

Jonathan nodded understanding finally. Another new professor. Hopefully he'd be better equipped than the last one. "It's good to meet you Professor, I'm Jonathan Byers,"

"I'm Will,"

"Wonderful to meet you both Lads." The man smiled.

As the boys were talking to the professor, Joyce turned her attention to Mrs. Sinclair. She took the pile of coins that the boys gathered placing them into the small drawstring purse the woman was carrying.

"Thank you so much," Mrs. Sinclair said. "Honestly this is quite the metaphor at the moment. It's all such a mess. Up till Lucas' birthday, we'd thought well..."

Joyce nodded. "You'd thought this all didn't exist."

"Yes precisely, no offense meant. It just all seems impossible. Our boy is a wizard. Until Professor Clarke came to ours, we'd thought it was a prank."

Joyce nodded in understanding reaching for the woman's hand. "It'll be alright. We'll be glad to help."

"Oh would you?" Mrs. Sinclair said. "Thank you so much."

"Of course, now do you have the list?" Joyce asked.

Mrs. Sinclair nodded as she grabbed the supply list handing it to the other woman.

"Well," Professor Clarke notices Mrs. Sinclair talking to the other woman who is reading her supply list. "Mr. Sinclair, Messrs. Byers, it seems you lot are in good hands. I'll see you at the start of term feast."

"See you Professor, thank you." Lucas said.

"You're quite welcome."

"Come on Lucas," Will called Lucas over to where their mothers were still discussing things. Jonathan followed, amused. It seems this would be an interesting afternoon.

A/N: So Will and Lucas have met, and both the Byers brothers and Lucas have met their new professor, Professor Clarke. Just to clarify a bit why Professor Clarke showed up, and why Lucas and his Mother already knew him, well I read on Pottermore and elsewhere that muggle borns get paid a visit by a Hogwarts Professor when they receive their letters. I know it's usually McGonagall in most fics and probably canonically too as she's deputy headmistress. I just decided to change it to Mr. Clarke in this case. Thought it would be a fun little way to have Will and Jonathan meet Professor Clarke, since in Harry Potter Harry usually meets the new professors in different ways. Anyway, tell me what you think if you so choose. I'd love to know. And suggestions are welcome.

3. Chapter 2: Boredom of Boys Charm of Girls

A/N: Hello, next chapter ready. This was quite a fun one. As usual I own nothing. Enjoy reading.

Chapter Two: Boredom of Boys And Charm of Girls

"Make sure to look after your brother would you Nancy Dear? He doesn't need to be getting lost again. I'll pick you both up here at Gringotts at half past 5." Mike listened as his father gave instructions to his older sister huffing a sigh as he scuffed his trainers on the cobblestone, eager to get going. One mishap with the floo and he was stuck being babysat because his father had a dumb ministry meeting. He was eleven, not a squib. He knew the alley well enough. "You both have your allowances? Your letters and lists?"

"Yes Father, stop worrying. We'll be fine." Nancy reassured pulling Mike close.

Mike jammed an elbow into her side. Nancy winced, but didn't even yell, saving it for later. *Ugh, stupid.* If he could get her to argue with him in front of their father, there'd be no way that he'd have to be babysat, but no such luck.

"Yes, of course you will. Go on, have fun now." Ted smiled at his son's antics. To be so excited about life. First year of Hogwarts, there really was nothing like it.

Mike sighed. "Finally!"

Nancy rolled her eyes as their father chuckled. "Come on,"

Mike followed his sister through the streets. "Right, so we need to get you your scales and pewter cauldron..." He rolled his eyes as Nancy read the list. Of course she would list off the boring stuff first.

He looked around at the shop windows and noticed the broom store and a girl standing in front of the window wearing the fanciest dress robes he'd ever seen in cotton candy pink, like the ones Mum bought

Holly that Nancy called hideous, inadvertently teaching her baby sister a new phrase Mother promptly scolded her for. *Why's she so dressed up?* No one ever wore dress robes like that in the streets unless there was a festival, like the one when he was nine after He Who Must Not Be Named was defeated. He remembers because they itched a lot. He glanced back over to where his sister was still looking at the list, feeling his own list in his pocket. Well he had the parchment and his Gringotts pouch. He could do this on his own. And he was curious to speak to the girl.

He easily slipped through the crowd of shoppers toward the broom shop window. He saw the newest model center stage, touted as the fastest racing broom. He wished first years were allowed broomsticks. It sure would beat shopping for pewter cauldrons and brass scales. He squeezed his way past the other kids at the shop window so that he was next to the girl.

Now that he was closer, he could really see her. She was pretty. Her hair was cut short, but not short enough that she could be mistaken for a boy, not this close anyway. But he doesn't think he'd make that mistake anyhow. It had a slight curl to it, but not the kind of curl Nancy got from the spells his mother did, real ones. Her gaze was transfixed on the toy broom zipping around the lower level of the shop's window rather than the racing broom, and she was half smiling, but it kind of shook on her face.

"Have you ever flown on a broom before?" Mike heard someone talk, and saw the girl turn around to face him. It took him a few seconds to realize that it was him that had spoken. His face flamed.

"Me?" She replied. Her eyes sparkle with mischief. She obviously could tell she'd caught him off guard. "No, I...well I don't know how. My Papa says it's dangerous until my first class. Have you?"

"Taken a flying class?" Mike caught himself. "No, I well I'm starting my first year at Hogwarts. My sister Nancy...well I did steal her broom once. Got caught in a tree and broke my arm in two places." He was rambling. Clearly his sister was right in saying he was rubbish with girls. He couldn't even say two words to her mates when they came around. What had he been thinking?

The girl laughed. "What did she do?"

"I got the silent treatment for a week. Not that it's much different than normal." Mike replied, emboldened.

"That's rude," The girl said bluntly.

"Sisters," Mike shook his head.

Silence lingered between the two for quite a while. Mike was almost certain the conversation was finished and was about to slip away fully humiliated when the girl spoke again. "You said you were starting first year?"

Mike nodded.

The girl's smile became less wobbly and her eyes lit anew. "Me too. I'm El...Jane..."

"Mike," Mike introduced himself. "El?"

"My middle name's Eleanor," Jane replied. "I go by El."

Mike nodded. "El," He smiled. "Brilliant. Have you gotten your school things yet?"

El nodded. "I've just got one more thing. My wand. Papa just had to go on an errand."

"Well," Mike ventured. "Do you have to wait here?"

El raised an eyebrow.

"Maybe we could explore a bit. I'm going to go get my things. I'm trying to avoid the boring stuff. Could use some help."

"Okay..." El agreed. "But I have to be back here by 4:00."

Mike nodded. "Excellent."

A/N: So Mike broke away from Nancy and does not ,it appears, intend to return anytime soon. He also met El and they are off in

Diagon Alley to explore. Uh-oh. Any theories on El? Next up: Nancy notices her brother is missing, and some other party members run into trouble quite literally. Please let me know what you think.

4. Chapter 3: Mad Max & the Maddening Mileau

A/N: Hello friends, chapter three is ready. A nice long one. :) As usual I do not own Stranger Things belongs to Netflix and the Duffer Brothers. I also do not own Harry Potter, belongs to the legendary JK Rowling. Anyway, on with the story.

Chapter Three: Mad Max and Maddening Mileau

James Abel Hopper, Jim to most, was on his second butterbeer. He normally went for stronger stuff, but today was not an occasion for such matters considering he had his girl with him. He had allowed her to wander the alley on account that it was a special day, a decision he was regretting more and more with each tick of the timepiece just in view. But she didn't need to be party to his particular reason for nursing several beverages in this fashion.

In his line of work, he had become particularly skilled at looking as though he was doing nothing. It is what had allowed him to rise through the ranks so quickly. People who opened their ears could learn quite a bit, and this is exactly what he was doing.

"Jim, can I getcha anything?" Tom looked to the man.

"Not right now, thanks," He held up his chilled glass.

"Doesn't seem your normal preference."

"It ain't."

He nodded. "You seem down."

"What would you say if I told you today was a good day?"

"I'd say you're lying through your arse Jim Hopper." Tom pursed his lips.

Jim gave a bemused smirk. "You'd be absolutely correct."

"What is it this time?"

"Can I count on your discretion?"

The other man nodded.

Jim pulled out a photograph. The scene showed a white haired fellow, and behind him dark smoke. The smoke billowed outwards, destroying everything in the vicinity and then appeared to come together, to what, was unclear.

Tom's brows knitted together. "It can't be. Wasn't he locked away with the others?"

"Double time, at least would've been, if we could've caught him." Hopper replied.

"But he's active again?"

"Minister wouldn't say so with a triple dose of veritaserum but my hunch is yes."

"Without You Know Who? They've nothing to stand on, what's the angle?"

"Wish I knew. Keep your ears open would ya?" Jim placed down his now empty glass along with payment.

"You know I will."

"Thanks, now I gotta go get my girl a birthday present." Her birthday was last month in reality, but he had been away, so he was getting her a gift today. And he knew just what it would be.

"Wish her a happy birthday from me." Tom replied.

Jim nodded and then ascended the steps. He went to their room and unlocked the door. He placed the photograph underneath another stack of files, and looked around at the trunk of school supplies. He had considered not sending her, but he knew she'd be even safer within the walls, and she needed her education. He only hoped his instinct was correct. If anything happened to her, well he wouldn't be able to forgive himself.

This wasn't where they were supposed to be and she knew it.

"Hey dunghead, Mum said you were supposed to take me to Diagon Alley. This is the wrong way." Max snapped.

"Shut your mouth and keep your bloody head down or I'll make you. Dad needs me to pick some things up. If you get hit with the killing curse, because you looked at someone wrong, I'm dead."

"That's so sweet, you actually care?"

"About staying alive, yes."

Max sighed. Of course her outing to get school supplies had to be muddled. When she had gotten her letter, she'd been so excited, but her Mum couldn't come with her to get supplies so she was stuck with her stepbrother, her stepbrother who hated her guts.

She looked around and was hit with a chill, despite the July heat. Why was this place so dark? *Only Dark Wizards shop here dingbat*. She admonished herself.

"Hey! You lost freak?" Max focused back in only to find that she had fallen out of step with Billy. But she heard his shout. She followed the sound to see a boy around her age...being held by the collar by her brother.

"Actually I...sort of am. See I took the floo and our cat kind of hates... I'm supposed...." The boy trailed off laughing nervously as the older boy's grasp tightened. "Oh...Oh that was rhetorical wasn't it?"

"Hey! Billy, come on! Let him go!" Max said.

"What was that Max?" Billy turned his gaze to her.

"Let. Him. Go." Max glared.

Billy roughly let the boy go who promptly began choking.

Max went over. "Hey, you okay?"

"I'm not waiting for you to play nurse to a freak," Billy warned.

"Oh go and choke on a chocolate frog then!" Max shot back. Her step brother replied with a specific finger as he walked away. She turned her attention back to the boy.

"Yeah, I, I'm supposed to find my babysitter. He was taking me to Diagon Alley. Mum's got a work shift at the Prophet. Guess I'm not very good at the floo. Our cat hates it, attacks like it's gonna make a bit of difference."

"Seems it's the cat that's not very good at it then." Max proffered a hand to the boy. "I'm Max."

"Dustin,"

"I'm going to Diagon Alley too." Max says. She looks around. "Any idea how to get there from here?"

"Thought you were the one that wasn't lost." Dustin replied.

"Well..." Max sighed.

"I...I guess we should just walk then." Dustin began to walk. Max hurried to catch up.

"Keep your head down and try not to make eye contact with anyone, act like you know where you're going." Max said. "Maybe we'll actually make it out of here."

"Deal,"

Lucas followed Will as they made their way to another shop, *Flourish and Blotts*.

"Books next then boys." Mrs. Byers said.

Lucas was surprised when they walked in to see that it looked like quite the ordinary book shop, if a bit old fashioned. Books lined the walls with odd headings denoting the sections. Potioneering, Magizoology, Charms, Magical Defenses. It made his head spin.

He was surprised to see the Byers walk to a section near the back,

secondhand. But he kept his mouth shut. He knew his mum wouldn't appreciate him drawing attention to the fact especially after they'd been so generous.

He noticed Will looking around the shelves as though he wanted to read everything on them. It was a strange reaction to seeing schoolbooks. He preferred comics, but he supposed that wizards didn't have any of those.

"Lucas, darling, see if you can find these yeah? You're better at this sort of thing." His mum said, placing the list in his hand with a pointed look. *Stop gawking*, it said.

Lucas nodded as he walked around the shop looking at the titles and pulling books as he saw them. So focused on his task was he, he didn't see the teenage boy in his path until the damage had already been done and their heads knocked

"Eh, watch your step Kid!" The teenager said.

"S...sorry." Lucas stammered rubbing his head. "D...do you know where I can find *a Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration*?"

The teen scoffed. "What do I look like a librarian? Read the signs."

Lucas was just about to snark back when he noticed someone else come up next to him. "Hey, Lucas you okay?" It was Will's brother.

"Yeah, yes um...just looking for *a Beginner's Guide to Transfiguration*."

"Down that way," Jonathan pointed it out.

"Say, thanks." Lucas sighed in relief as he darted out of there. The two teens were just looking at each other like they had issue, and he just wanted to get his books.

Nancy was walking down Diagon Alley. She had managed to lose her little brother. Well this was a banner day. She passed Flourish and Blotts and decided to check there. Mike was never an avid reader, but it was something.

She went inside and noticed her boyfriend Steve Harrington, looking miffed and ready for a fight talking to none other than Jonathan Byers.

"Couldn't you just have given the kid directions Harrington? Or do you like being a sod?"

"The kid hit me in the head."

"It was an accident. Even I know that."

Nancy rolled her eyes as she listened to the back and forth. Enough listening, it was time to intervene.

"Steve, hi," Nancy went over excitedly and pulled Steve in giving him a peck on the lips.

Steve saw his girlfriend and gave her a hug. "Hey Nancy,"

"Hi Jonathan," Nancy turned back toward the elder Byers.

"Hi," Jonathan greeted.

"By any chance, did you see Mike around?" Nancy asked Steve.

"No, thought he was with you."

"He was, but then he wasn't." Nancy sighed. "I thought you were babysitting today."

Jonathan smirked. Steve Harrington, a babysitter as if.

"I was, floo dropped me here. Thought it dropped him here as well, but..."

"You both lost kids?" Jonathan couldn't hold it in. "How?"

"We can't all be golden boys Byers." Steve snapped.

Nancy pursed her lips. *Merlin's beard.*

"I don't think you know what that means." Jonathan muttered. "Do you have any idea where they could have went?"

"We didn't ask for your help Byers." Steve said.

Nancy sighed. "Steve, it might help to have an extra set of eyes."

Steve groaned. Why did Nancy have to be so bloody logical? "Fine, whatever, just...don't talk to me anymore."

A/N: So, we got a glimpse at what Hopper is up to. Met Max and Billy, Max met Dustin who was accidentally floored to Knockturn Alley instead of Diagon Alley, and Billy left his stepsister and Dustin to fend for themselves, such a wonderful brother. :/ Meanwhile Steve ended up in Flourish and Blotts where the Byers and Lucas are and Lucas got in his way. Jonathan helped out and ended up offering his assistance to Nancy and Steve to find Mike and Dustin, who is Steve's babysitting charge. Next chapter: Back to Mike and El as they meet more members of the party and Dustin and Max try to find their way out of Knockturn Alley running into someone quite familiar as the teens search out the kids.